

[private] Irony.





MOOD: 👸 in flux

MUSIC: Sugar - Hoover Dam

I remember, as a kid, waking up to the sound of rain pounding on the roof and being so scared. I mean, *rain!* It could fill the washes and underpasses and be strong enough to wash away people, cars, anything in its way. In the desert, a single rainstorm can *kill*. I saw the TV news footage, man. I knew that.

So when I heard it rain, it was like hearing it coming for someone. I couldn't sleep again 'til it stopped.

And lightning: how hard is it to be the tallest thing for yards in any direction out on the Mojave hardpan? Flash, crack--it was always the sound of something I cared about getting hit.

Last night the sound of rain woke me up. Half woke me up, anyway. And I thought, *Thank god. The fire won't spread. They'll get here*.

Then I woke the rest of the way up and had a nice twitch about that. But when I was done, I fell asleep to the sound of the rain.

TAGS: gratitude, the new normal

[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

<u>Poppets. Puppets. Poppet</u> <u>puppets. Scary.</u>